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POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrel quaff inspiring draughts."

THE DANDY'S LAMENT.

No whiskers yet! no whiskers yet!
And Tom's a pair so black and stout!
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret—
In vain I try to coax them out!
I vow I'm twenty-one or nearly,
And nothing yet upon my chin,
Except a crop of fuzz, which yearly
Seems to grow more frail and thin!

No whiskers yet! and no moustache!
Although without a fault my hair;
Not e'en a poor imperial.
To stamp me with a foreign air!
With Beals and Jones I've spent enough,
Besides a fortune with Gouraud;
I've found out, to my cost, their stuff
Is all a humbug, and no go!

No whiskers yet! no whiskers yet!
Good heavens, what can the matter be?
While every belle makes Tom a pet,
They make no bones of slighting me.
'Twill never do, as I'm alive—
I shall be cut by all the "ton,"
Unless I get a whisker false,
And stick a sham imperial on.

Egad I'll do it! and why not?
For, if the whisker makes the man,
Why won't a false one do as well?
As any? Answer me who can!
I'll do it! then, I'll cut a swell!
And since to frame the once rough road
Is paved with hair, ye gods! I then
Shall be a lion à la mode!

From the United States Gazette.

THE PRINTER'S DOOM.

BY THOS. MACKEEKAR.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
As he wearily plodded his homeward way
Before the breaking of early day,
Broke out in bitter wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone;
And he cough'd, and gasp'd, and cough'd again,
And he press'd his hand on his heart in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on:

"A world of toil is this!
It hath no joys for me:
'Tis labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle light—
Labor continually.

"Some men have a day of rest,
But Sabbath for me is not;
It is toil all the week, and toil on the day
That God has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I play'd on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fish'd in the brook—
And blest was I to sit and look
Unfettered on nature's scene.

"For twenty sad years and more,
My life has worn away
In murky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearn'd for a sight of the valleys fair
And the light of open day.

"An innocent prisoner doom'd,
My heart is heavy within;
Oh, why should a man untainted by guilt,
Who the blood of a creature never hath spilt,
Be pent, like a felon, for sin?"

The printer then cough'd and sigh'd—
The stars were growing dim,
And he upward glanced at the morning sky,
And he inly thought that it was good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating
He prayed to the Lord above,
To pity a man whose heart had been riven
By toil, for other men's interest given—
And he wept for his mercy and love.

He hied to his humble home!
His infant awoke to cry,
"Oh, father! oh, mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bowed down with aching head,
On his Mary's lap to die.

Oh ye who have never known
The richness that's in a crust,
When nothing is found on the desolate shelf,
And the sufferer's pocket is empty of pelf—
Receive my story on trust.

Say in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you!
The rhymist who traces these roughly writ lines,
Hath known of such sufferers in other day times,
And the main of his rhyme is true.

Remember this holy truth—
The man who aloof hath stood,
When a heart-broken brother for succor did crave,
And he stretched not a finger to bless and to save,
Is verily guilty of blood!

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

THE UNLUCKY TREASURE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SEA.

Our ship was smoothly gliding along over the gently undulating ocean, towards home, from the shores of Great Britain. Every sail was distended by the steady breeze; the sun was shining brightly, though a sort of haze hung around the horizon. Twelve o'clock had passed—the latitude and longitude worked up, and the chart was spread upon the cabin table. The exact position of the ship at noon was marked by a black dot, and a straight line drawn from the point of observation of the noon previous. All of us were delighted at the day's run, and the day for our arrival in port was fixed upon as certain—almost. No one seemed to be quite so elated as our steward. His face was all smiles, his eyes twinkled with unaccustomed lustre, and the prospect of a speedy return to his family excited him almost to craziness. By his uneasy movements, I concluded he had something on his mind, which he was anxious to reveal, and I gave him an opportunity of speaking to me privately. He seized upon the glance, and coming up, whispered confidentially that he had found "such a treasure!"

"I've found," said he, "two whole baskets of Champagne in the run; they belonged to the former master, and the present skipper knows nothing about it. Mr. Weathergaze, the second mate, was with me when I found them; he must have one basket, and I mean to put the other upon the captain's table to-day."

"Capital!" cried I. "We'll have such a jollification!"

No spirits or wine were allowed by the owners—and when Captain W**** came down to dinner, he was not a little surprised to see the table gaily decked out with Champagne bottles and glasses. Learning that the wine was a lawful prize, he entered heartily into the spirit of the scene. The act of demolishing soon commenced with activity; glass after glass was poured down and festivity reigned supreme. Loud roars of laughter burst occasionally from the steerage, where the chief mate was entertaining himself on his share of the prize. He poured forth his lusty but melodious voice in a sea song, which riveted the attention of all in the cabin.

"Such merriment ought not to waste its sweetness on the desert air," said Capt. W. "I move that Mr. Transom be called into the cabin, so that we can have the pleasure of his company."

All hands seconded the motion, and Mr. Transom was sent for. His appearance in the cabin was hailed with joy, notwithstanding his flushed face, and his unsteady step caused a laugh and some remarks, to which he replied that she (the ship) was "going some now."

"Is she?" inquired Capt. W., raising his glassy eyes to the mate's unsteady gaze. "How did the weather look on deck?"

"Oh, pretty much the same," said the mate; but the fact was that as he passed from the steerage he did not look at the weather. His mind being stupified by the wine, and anticipating the pleasures of the cabin, he noticed as he passed neither the black clouds that were rising up to the windward, nor the heaviness of the air, nor the second mate, who lay asleep on the hencoop.

"Now for that song," Mr. Transom, cried I. "Fill up your glasses first, and open a fresh bottle," said Capt. W.

"Yes, yes—a bumper all round," said another.

Conviviality now had full sway. The passing hours, and the increased motion of the ship, were alike unnoticed. Wine had control below decks, and the wind above. A heavy lurch, and a loud crash, accompanied by low, discordant sounds, awoke Capt. W. to an indistinct recollection of his being on board ship. Springing from the lethargy into which he had sunk, he rushed on deck. All was disorder and confusion. The night was pitchy dark—a tempest howled among the rigging—fearful seas were breaking across the deck, which was encumbered by masses of rigging and spars. But one being was visible on deck; he was at the wheel, and using his best endeavors to keep the ship before the wind. The rest of the watch were huddled together on the fore-castle, and part of them lay asleep from the effects of the remains of the mate's festivity. Capt. W.'s bewildered brain could make out nothing of the situation of the vessel.

"Where's Mr. Weathergaze? How does she head? What the devil is to pay?"—were the questions hurriedly put to the man at the helm, by the captain.

"No light in the binnacle, sir!" was the gruff reply of the seaman, who stood firmly to his post, though death gaped on all sides, and drunkenness stood ready to lend a helping hand.

The awfulness of his situation flashed upon the mind of Capt. W., and for a few minutes he had neither strength nor reason. A deep sense of impending danger was wrestling with the demon of drunkenness!—a powerful effort of the mind threw off the yoke of King Alcohol, and the seaman was himself again! A hiccupping attempt of some one in the lee scuppers, gave him notice of the presence of another being on deck. To seize the person and drag him to his feet, was the work of an instant, and recognizing Mr. Weathergaze, he dashed him forward, heaping upon his head fearful imprecations. The shock, together with the angry tone of his commander's voice, recalled him to reason.

"Call all hands!—clear the wreck!" was the thundering command of Capt. W., hurrying at the same time into the cabin, and tumbling over the forces so lately valorous in the army of King Alcohol, he dragged the now inanimate form of the mate on deck, inflicting upon him a volley of kicks and thumps, which brought him partially to his senses.

Taking the wheel himself, Capt. W. saw with terror the confused and stupid attempts of the mates to do their duty. In the meantime the sea and wind had been increasing; high masses of water were pouring from stem to stern, as the ship made slow progress, encumbered as she was by the wreck of spars and sails. The jib-boom had been carried away, taking with it the fore-topmast and main-topgallant mast. To secure the remnant of the spanker, which had been split, square in the yards, secure the flying penants of unhitched rigging, and save the fore-topmast-staysail, was the work of some time, as the main-topmast was blowing out straight ahead in ribbons—as was also the mainsail. The sea continued to gather strength, and rolled with fearful fury. Unless more headway could be got on the ship, she must be immersed by the immense masses that were piled up astern. The wreck was no sooner cleared, than down came the main-topmast, carrying with it half of the main-mast and the mizzen-topmast. Preventer tacks and sheets were attached to the foresail, and a piece of the fore-staysail set to the foremast head to prevent her broaching to. Onward she hied, but faster than the course of the vessel rushed past the maddened waves. The foresail split, and the ribbons ranged out far ahead, and added to our peril by decreasing our speed. It was too late to lay to, and scud we must. The sea rolled in high, steady masses, and as they broke under our stern, would shoot us ahead with still more fearful rapidity, as we rushed over the top of the sea; but when we fell into the hollow, she would tremble, and lay as still as a babe in its crib; while high above us, ahead and astern, was the rough-edged sea waiting to fall upon us and leave not a speck behind. Immediately overhead, and framed by the white-crested surge, was the black curtain of tempestuous night. Fearful was the moment when we lay in the hollow!—nothing but a most perfect sea-bat could ride out the fury of the tempest. The highest part of one sea had swept past us, but one more terrible than the rest was astern, and as the good ship rose on it, her head pointing down into the abyss below, and her stern at an angle of forty-five degrees, the comb of the surge hung like a canopy over us! It broke—and sweeping us from taffrail to knight-heads, carried everything before it. Our decks were swept—binacle, camboose, boats, and three of the men, were among the things that were. Onward at one desperate leap we flew, and again fell into the succeeding hollow. Another terrific wave was behind, and as she settled and almost seemed to gather stern way, we saw no chance of escape. To lash ourselves to the rigging was the work of an instant; while the captain, taking two or three turns of a rope around his body and around the wheel, watched the shock, standing at an angle on his heels, with his head pointed back, that the sea might break down upon him and lessen the chance of being swept away. Like the former sea, only more formidable, it broke upon our quarter deck, pouring huge masses of water upon us. The ship trembled like an over-riden racer, and seemed settling away from under our feet; but the coming waves were not so heavy. Fear and danger had sobered all on board; and with the speed that a case of life and death can compel, was a fore-staysail set. By degrees the day broke, the storm cleared away—and under jury-masts we reached New York in forty days.

The papers detailed a long account of the damage done to the ship R—, and the loss of three of her crew in a gale—but rum did it! Boston, January, 1845.

From the New Yorker.

MY FATHER TAKES WINE.

BY NIMBLE.

Miss Williams is one of the few young ladies our city can claim as a temperance advocate; her parents are poor, but respected by all that knew them, and to their poverty, perhaps, may be attributed her pious and praiseworthy exertions in the temperance cause.

Miss Williams being an active teacher in the Sunday school attached to — church, had solicited the superintendent, who was a favorite temperance man, to allow her to get the signatures of her class to the temperance pledge. He gladly consented, and she proceeded to secure the names, until she came to the fourth young girl in the class, when she was surprised by the little girl exclaiming, "My father takes wine and why should not I?"

Miss Williams stood amazed, and replied, "Surely not, my dear, your father is a clergyman."

"Yes, Miss Williams, I can assure you he does," said the artless child.

"But that is no objection why you should not sign, and therefore taste none."

"I cannot sign. Pa says the temperance pledge is only for the poor, who drink nasty poison, and not for the gentlemen who take wine."

The faithful teacher felt grieved and pained to be thus foiled by a child, and besought the object of her love to put her name to the pledge, and take it home to her father.

"Oh, no! I love you, Miss Williams, but I dare not disobey my father; and besides, what would I drink when I visit Mrs. C., and Mrs. S., and Mrs. P., &c.; how they would laugh at me because I would not taste a little wine."

"Ah! my dear," said Miss Williams, "these are the supporters of your father's church, and he, poor man, dare not expose the horrid vice, for fear of his situation;" and with a tear in her eye, and a heavy heart, she left the child of the minister of God, and turning to a little pale, half-clad orphan, asked her to put her name to it.

The child's eye sparkled at the encouraging voice of her teacher, and with trembling heart and hand, gladly put her name to the paper, and felt but too happy that she could oblige her faithful friend.

The cause of temperance flags for want of faithful men in high places.

The same high-minded teacher of the rudiments of Christianity, has to weep over her superiors' faults. Superiors, however, in nothing save a better home and a richer table, but as far inferior in nobleness of spirit, high-toned morality, and a love of God and neighbor, as a corporation light is to the great orb of day.—N. Y. Christal Fount.

From the New Yorker.

THE SAILOR HOME AT LAST.

A SKETCH BY REV. JOHN DOWLING.

It was in the winter of 1842, and during an interesting revival of religion in a New England congregation, of which the writer was pastor, that a pious father rose nearly at the close of an evening meeting, and spoke, in substance, nearly as follows: "Brethren, I wish you to pray for my first born son! he has been a wild and wayward youth, but the child of many prayers. For the last eight or ten years, that is, from the age of thirteen years, he has been a wanderer on the deep; he has passed through many perils and hardships, sometimes been brought to the very brink of the grave, but an unseen hand has preserved him. Till within a few days he has continued careless and indifferent to the concerns of his soul, but at length his mind seems tender, and we have begun to hope that the Spirit of God is at work on his heart. But, brethren, to-morrow he sails as an officer of a ship for China, and exposed as he will be to the temptations of a sailor's life, I tremble for his welfare. Brethren, pray for my first born son!" On that evening many a heartfelt prayer ascended to God for the said son, in which the praying father most heartily joined; but the object of those prayers sailed on the morrow, without a hope.

Months rolled away, and still the prayers of a father and mother followed that wanderer on the ocean wave, and hope was mingled with anxiety, doubt, and suspense. A year had passed away, and that father was permitted to exclaim, "Brethren, rejoice with me, my son which was dead is alive again; he was lost and is found." A letter had arrived from that son, with the joyful news that he had found the pearl of great price, and had been baptized in China by the Rev. Mr. Shack, a Baptist Missionary from America. "O," said he in this letter, "I have indeed rolled sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue, but God's protecting hand has been over me for good." Then, after referring to the day of his baptism, "Oh, it was a day of days to my soul. A lovely, pleasant morning, and I did feel such a sweet peace; a peace that the unregenerated know nothing

of. Since then I have literally, like the Eunuch, gone on my way rejoicing." A few weeks longer, and the wanderer had returned, and in the circle of his friends and home was permitted to

Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior he had found.

Two years more rolled away, and now the child of many prayers, the Christian sailor, under the parental roof, was seen gradually sinking beneath the wasting influence of consumption. A milder climate was sought to arrest or to retard the progress of decay. But in vain. The sailor returned home—to die. For a few days, and only for a few, was he permitted to linger on earth—and they were days of sadness—days of tears—and yet they were days of joy—of sweet and holy remembrances. Peaceful, and calm, and happy, as the gentle slumbers of childhood on a mother's breast, was the death-bed of the sailor. He had long been tossed amidst the tempest and the storm, and often had his heart leaped at the cry from the topmast, "Land ahead;" and now he was just at the end of his voyage, his eye was on the port, and he could feel that there was "Land ahead." As I heard, but a few days since, from the quivering lips of a tender sister, the tale of the more than peaceful, the triumphant departure of her sailor brother, I thought of the language in which a poet has described the death-bed scene of a "brother of the ocean."

His heart was on the shore,
Where holy brethren meet at last,
And storms are heard no more.

I gently pressed his feeble hand,
So soon to turn to clay;
And wonder'd if his heart was mann'd
To meet that dreadful day,
When, as if in my looks he read
The thought—he cried out, "LAND AHEAD!"

O, he could see beyond the skies,
Beyond the grave could see,
Where mansions of salvation rise,
For such poor worms as he;
And calmly trod the path that led
Up straightway to that "Land ahead."

Farewell to thee, mariner. Thy last voyage is ended. Thou hast reached the haven of eternal rest—the port of endless peace. THE SAILOR IS HOME AT LAST.

A SNAKE IN A CIDER BARREL.

In a small and retired village in the northeast part of the State of Connecticut, lives a wealthy farmer. This man professes to be a humble follower of Jesus Christ. He is fond of the intoxicating bowl. His parents are still living, both of whom are strictly temperate—as are most of the inhabitants of the place. The blush of shame would mantle his cheeks were they not bloated with cider. Of this article he has long kept a large quantity on hand. His neighbors at last began to discuss the subject, as to the quantity he daily consumed. All agreed that he was not a temperate man. He was a man of wealth, and the church must not interfere. Finally he resolved that no more cider should be drunk on his premises. The glad news of his reform sent a thrill of joy to many hearts. For a season he ran well—yet his face, nose, and mouth, retained the same sottish aspect as before.

Oh! ye temperate drinkers! ye tipplers! and all who drink "behind the door," take warning! because your sins will find you out. This man, so conscientious that he would not have a barrel of cider tapped in the cellar, procured a piece of leaden pipe, and sucked cider from the bung hole. The poisonous qualities of the lead mixing with the cider, received into his stomach, all but took his life. With great difficulty his physician restored him to health. Tipplers take the friendly warning; never profess to be what you are not. Death lurks in the cider barrel.

SOMETHING FOR CLERGYMEN.

The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, who, we believe, was a member of the late Presbyterian General Assembly, held in Cincinnati, at a Temperance meeting in that city, related a passage in his history which no doubt told with thrilling effect. Many years ago, when quite young, his mind was first aroused on the subject of religion, by a sermon preached by a very pious and eloquent divine in New Jersey. A very short time after this, he left home to commence his education. In the course of about ten years he returned, and among his first inquiries was one for this minister, by whose preaching he had been awakened. He was answered by a dubious shake of the head; but persevering in his inquiry, he was told that, from drinking an occasional glass, he had gone so far that he was deposed from the ministry, and finally cut off from the church, and the last intelligence from him was, that he was expiating some crime in the State prison. From that moment Dr. Hamilton's mind was made up on the subject, and he determined, be the sacrifice what it might, to exert all his influence to banish the use of intoxicating drinks.—S. C. Temp. Adv.